

Whether Common or Not

When Nature Smiles.

Bonnie blue sky and a warm sun shines,
And birds in the woodlands are pluming;
Swelling buds burst on the trees and vines,
And soon will the flowers be blooming.
Birds from the southland will soon come and sing,
And living is loving in spring—in spring.

Winter is dead and the fire burns low,
And snow skiffs no longer are flying;
Violets bloom in the warm sun's glow,
And gone is the season of sighing.
Soon her green mantle Dame Nature will fling,
And laughter is catching in spring—in spring.

Uncle Hiram.

"There's two kinds of people I'm always kinder suspicious of," remarked Uncle Hiram, elevating his feet to the top of the stove; "them that air always hollerin' 'stop, thief,' an' them that is always posin' as better'n anybody else."

Everybody Uses It.

The caoutchouc plant noted that the man was peering intently through the rank tropical growth.
"Ah, I see you!" exclaimed the man.
"Rubber!" hissed the caoutchouc plant.
This, too, long before any slang terms had penetrated into the wilderness.

Two Seats.

He gave his gold with lavish hand
And spread his fame throughout the land.
He builded here and builded there,
And as he wrought things passing fair
His face with conscious pride did glow.
Then, when at last his time had come
And he had gone to his long home,
He stepped within and proudly said:
"Of course I shall be quickly led
To the best seat in the front row."

St. Peter smiled and shook his head,
And to the new arrival said:
"We manage this place on a plan
That may seem rather strange to man,
But 'tis a plan we know is right."
Then leading him to second place,
St. Peter smiled and turned his face,
"Who has first place?" the proud man cried.
St. Peter turned and quick replied:
"A widow—and she gave a mite."

The Social Philosopher.

"I am always puzzled," remarked the Social Philosopher, "when I see a man wipe his feet before entering his house."
"What is there puzzling about that?" queried the Dense Guy.
"Well, I never know whether to give him credit for neatness or to give his wife credit for managerial ability."

Crematory.

The man who proudly boasts that he
Much money has to burn,
Will in good time be made to see
He ashes has to urn.

Wily Woman.

The gas burned low, but the man sat bolt upright
In a chair on the farther side of the room.
"I presume," said the young woman, "that it will be my luck to marry a sexton."
The man turned pale and twisted uneasily in his chair.
"What makes you think that?" he stammered.
"Well, he appears to be the only man of my acquaintance who knows how to ring a bell."
"Miss Brightleigh!" stammered the young man,

"M-M-Miss Brightleigh, may I—er, that is to say, will you—er—Miss Brightleigh, may I ring—"

With a low, glad cry the young lady tripped lightly across the room and threw herself into his arms.

"O, Mr. Dumson, this is so sudden!"

Even in her most exciting moments a woman will not forget the proprieties.

A Promising Youth.

The proud father gazed at his offspring and exclaimed:

"I expect Thomas to grow up and earn not less than a million a year as the head of some great corporation."

We could do nothing less than ask what gave rise to this expectation.

"I've noticed," said the proud father in reply, "that Thomas is able to persuade the other boys that he should keep right on fishing while they dig for more worms."

—W. M. M.

Borrowed Fun.

Trusts.

Oh, wherefore do they call them "trusts?"

'Tis wrong, it seems to me

Since everything one gets from them

Is issued C. O. D. —Washington Star.

We call them "trusts" in irony

Because the people flock

In simple, guileless, child like trust

To buy the common stock.

—Chicago Record.

His Customary State.

"Your friend Tackey is 'way off in Honolulu now. Doesn't that surprise you?"

"It does and doesn't."

"Heard he was going there, eh?"

"No, I didn't know he was in Honolulu, but I knew he was 'way off even when he was here." —Philadelphia Record.

Partially Correct Diagnosis.

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You're partly right, doctor," sheepishly answered the young man. "Only that ain't her name." —Chicago Tribune.

Cultured Gradations.

"I understand," said Mrs. Ascum. "that you've had a good deal of sickness at your house."

"Well," replied the haughty Miss Woodby, "one of the servants, I believe, is sick. Papa was ill and mamma is quite seriously indisposed." —Philadelphia Press.

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in a week?" "Nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then asked: "Whose baby was it?" "It was the elephant's baby," replied little Emily. —The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Chicago Tribune: "Just before Badmun was sent to prison he bought a set of books, to be paid for in installments."

"What did he do that for?"

"He said it would make the time seem shorter."

Tit-Bits: Awestruck Visitor—It must be very difficult to produce such an exquisite work of art.

Dealer—Nonsense. Almost anybody can paint a picture, but finding a victim to buy it after it is painted is where the art comes in.

Chicago Times-Herald: "Have you ever read 'An English Woman's Love Letters?'"

"No; the only girl I ever corresponded with regularly was born in Indiana."

Miscellaneous.

For cool effrontery, the attempt of a cooked-up "Directory of the Federal Party" in Manila to impose on the American public has rarely been equalled. It has struck the imperial newspapers dumb. Their silence on the subject may be only temporary, but it is none the less grateful and significant. They seem to think the Philippine Commission takes them for ninnyes to send on such humbug "petitions." But why should they be surprised or indignant at this? After Uncle Sam has bought a whole gold brick, in the shape of the Philippine archipelago, is he to take offense at being asked further to invest in a few specimens of "fool's gold"? In Manila they evidently think that a simple-minded old gentleman who has believed what he has in the past, is capable of any credulity. But this is a little too much—to set up one American, two Spaniards, and three Filipinos who have been in the employ of the Americans from the first, as the mouthpiece of the millions of disaffected natives! The whole thing is obviously a move—and not a very creditable one, in the game to secure for the Philippine Commission something more than a semblance of power as against the Military Governor. But the thing cannot be done. As long as one man at the head of the army is held responsible for the islands, he must have supreme authority. It is all well enough to allow Judge Taft to amuse the natives with legislative figments, but, as long as the insurrection continues, the Judge will have to be really under the orders of the General.—New York Post.

Eliminate the contributions of the corporations engaged in domestic and foreign commerce as a factor in elections and the republican party would be in a minority in both houses of congress, and the democratic party would be in control of both the executive and legislative branches of the government at the next presidential election. The growth of gigantic trusts which are such a menace to free government would cease. Subsidies, all the various forms of stealage which flourish under that and cognate terms would disappear. Tariffs to enrich the few at the expense of the many would again be scaled to produce revenue instead of to build up favored industries at the expense of the taxpaying consumer, war taxes would be repealed or limited to the actual needs of the country, and the government administered upon just and economical principles instead upon a partisan and wasteful basis.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Permit us to refer in terms of almost passionate applause to the president's gentle forethought in the cases of our now unemployed statesmen. Bleak, indeed, and biting, is the day on which he cannot find a pillow for the head of him who has done faithful service or a refuge with fullness for the zealous friend. William E. Chandler has fallen like a wounded bear into a pit and found a chairmanship, with the old familiar \$5,000 per annum at its leg. Thomas Henry Carter has stumbled over a billet as commissioner to some fair, with oil enough connected with it to lubricate the hinges of the very rustiest oracle. All is peace and plenty. Gilead has not a thing but balm. —Washington Post.

The armor plate monopoly in this country has been extorting about 150 per cent profit on its product sold to our government. The German government finds that it is being bled on the armor account even worse than we have been. Krupp charges Germany \$100 a ton more for armor plate than the United States government pays manufacturers who pay a royalty to Krupp. The armor plate monopolists are a tough set on both sides of the sea.—Atlanta Journal.

I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense, Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.